

CHEAP REPOSITORY.



The Day of Judgment, Or, The GRAND RECKONING.

CHRISTIANS! profit by the warning,
Which the word of God supplies!
Think upon that awful morning,
When the quick and dead shall rise.

Lo! each country, every nation,
All the globe we now behold,
(Wrap'd in dreadful conflagration)
Smoke and fire at once unfold!

See the works of art so curious,
Lofly cities, temples, towers!
See the raging flame so furious,
All the mighty mass devours!

You who doat on earthly treasures,
What dismay will seize your frame,
When the fum of all your pleasures,
Crackles in the general flame!

Lo! the multitudes surrounding,
Whom the grave no more can keep;
Hark! the awful trumpet sounding!
Death has broke his leaden sleep.

All that in the tomb now slumber,
How at once they burst their chain!
See they rise, how vast their number?
All that liv'd shall live again.

Great and small together meeting,
Lo! the sea gives up her dead!
Then the sea itself retreating,
Lo! the heavens and earth are fled.

See the Lord of life descending,
Hear the dread Archangel's voice;
See the dead on Christ attending;
How the saints of God rejoice!

Myriads at that voice shall gather,
"Take the kingdom long prepar'd;
"Come ye blessed of my Father,
"Share my crown, my cross, my hard."

O how different that dread sentence,
Which confirms the sinner's doom!
"You who died without repentance,
"Come to judgment, sinners come."

O! to these what wild despairing,
What assuagement of heart,
Agony past-human bearing,
Will that dreadful call impart!

You who now profanely cherish,
Unbelief and impious pride;
Unbelievers! see and perish,
Christ for you in vain has dy'd.

You who to the world dissemble,
While you practise deeds of night,
Hypocrites! behold and tremble,
All these deeds are brought to light.

You, who each conviction flitting,
Waste your time, that sacred store,
Hear the Angel, cease your trifling,
"Time," he cries, "shall be no more."

Lost in ease, or drown'd in pleasure,
"We've no time to think," you cry,
But however you waste the treasure,
You must all find time to die.

You, who now this warning flitting,
Think that day not worth your care;
I who now these lines am writing,
You and I must both appear.

O that you, these lines perusing,
May be wak'd to swift repentance;
O that I, no moment losing,
May prepare to meet my sentence!

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]